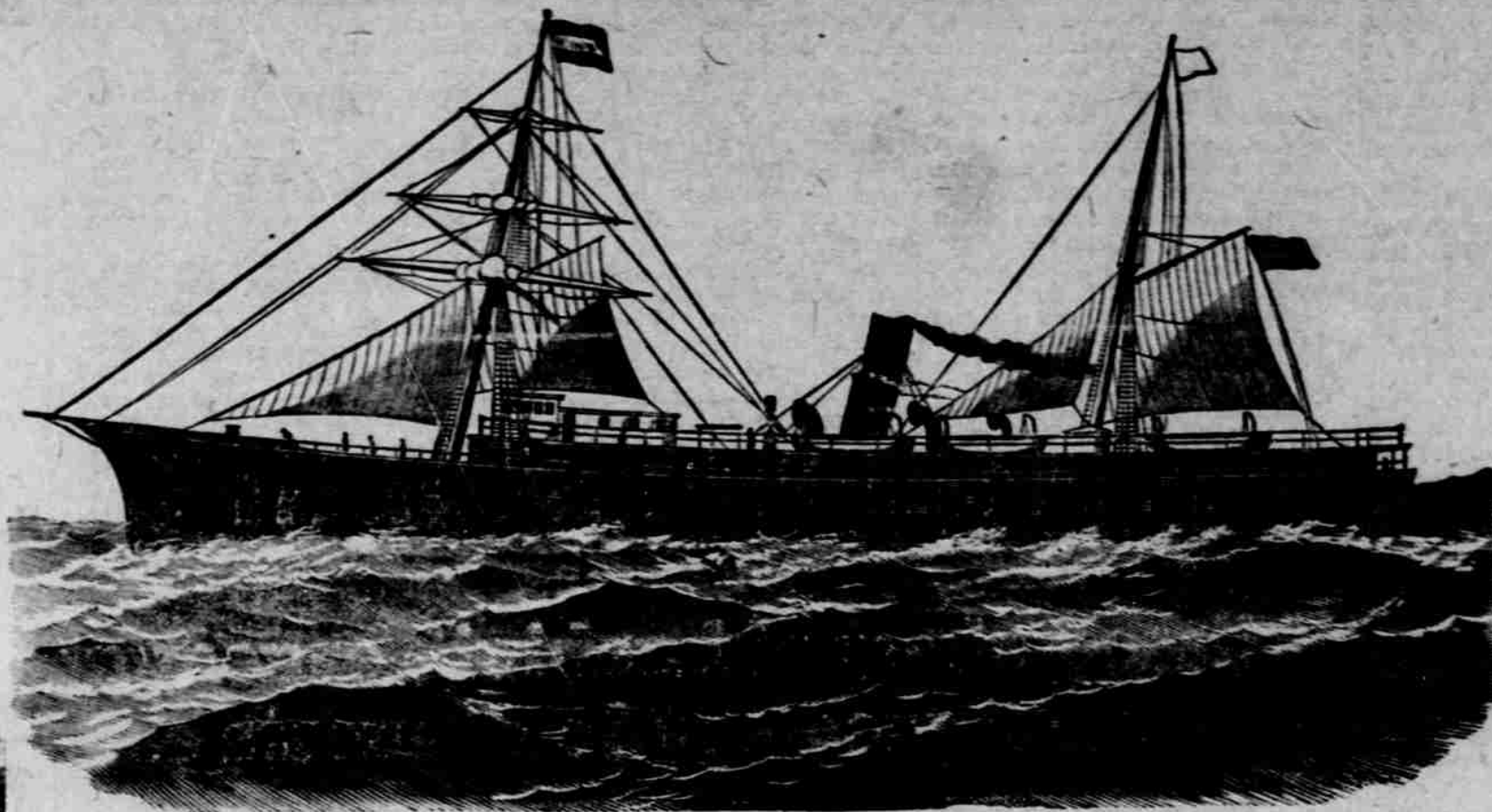


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### Fashions and Society.

I WISH some hostess would invent something besides those everlasting teas and receptions for the entertainment of her guests. From one tea to another we are rushed with endless monotony, and the usual card party is almost as bad, no matter how charming the hostess. Unless one has a love for cards, the whole thing is a bore—prizes to the contrary notwithstanding. I know a woman who actually revels in the numerous prizes obtained at card parties, and boasts fondly of her many trophies. Of course all this is harmless enough, but what a bore for most women! And there are even some who mourn and mourn like that everlasting dove in the song, whenever card parties are in full swing.

There seems to be some effort to make dinners original and attractive, at least. Some noble souls are trying their best to introduce costume dinners. May they succeed and become an oasis in the desert to the constant entertainer.

It still requires a high pressure corset, hot baths and pickle diet to keep stout women down to the proportions requisite for a proper display of the newest evening finery. Never before has fat been more fatal to style and grace in dress; gowns manufactured on both sides of the Atlantic are no fuller at the hips, no shorter at the waist, and no wider at the knees than we have worn for the past two years.

Perhaps for morning and afternoon toilets there is a trifle more in breadth and flare near the hem than of yore, but in the mode of the bodice, and even in the goods one uses, one must wander far afield to find a novelty.

A pretty show is undeniably being made of the posy silks that are said to be a revival of a fashion dating from Queen Alexandra's girlhood. The description applies only to those soft evening foulards and taffetas that are worked in close set bouquets or little round Watteau wreaths that often are as brilliantly colored as the nose-gay on an old-fashioned Wedgwood plate.

The posy silks are designed for the debutantes especially, and should be worn with shoulder knots and trailing garlands of flowers that will exactly match those printed on the silk.

Two seasons ago women were wearing flowered silks encrusted with very

loose meshed lace, and again this spring that pretty fashion has come to the fore.

I saw a high-throated, long-sleeved dinner gown the other day which fully illustrates the latest phase of lace and silk. A bright rose du Barry taffeta of solid color edged with bands of black chenille formed the deep flounce of the skirt, while the waist and top of the skirt were made of taffeta of the same quality but gayly figured in closely massed daintily yellow flowers with dashes of green foliage.

All this strong color, however, was softened by a veil of cream lace dropped over the flowered surface and tacked so firmly to it by invisible stitches that the lace almost appeared to be woven with it.

Imagine how beautiful and effective all this was! And when you see it carried off by a dashing brunette you will turn green with envy.

Since the dressmakers and their patrons continue to cling to the serpentine mode in gown building, the manufacturers have brought out nothing but soft finished evening materials.

They have introduced a satin chiffon that promises to enjoy a vogue equal to that of panne. As its name implies, it is as soft as chiffon, and as bright, rich and desirable as satin itself. From satin de Lyon and satin duchesse, from pau de sole and peau de cygne, every bit of the dressing and close weaving that makes for stiffness has been left out, and panne itself has been reduced in weight to meet the requirements for the prevailing mode for soft draping goods. As to the make-up of these pliant materials, every dressmaker leaves it to her patron to choose between a design for an evening gown with or without an overskirt. If the choice is for an overdress then the garment must be of chiffon, or liberty silk, draped tunelike, bordered with lace, or more sweetly still, edged with shirrings and tiny puffed frills, in which at intervals knots of rosebuds and baby leaves are nestled.

Directly in front, or on one hip, the tunic is slit open from hem to waist line, and full gathered or drawn flat over the hips and back.

Just how this Roman tunic should be draped is left to the choice of the patron and the taste of the dressmaker.

Dull red is the shade for spring and summer wear, and a very pretty shoulder strap is made of dull red roses on

one shoulder and a string of Parisian pearls on the other. This is a decided change from the eternal band of velvet or lace.

Color may come and go, but the black gown remains forever. Black toilets garnished with spangles and gilt have had their day, and we have gone back to the black, unrelieved by any decoration save a little lace and a dull red rose or the moss rosebuds.

No woman who has been a guest at any one of the great country houses glorifying the face of our noble land will fail to appreciate the charms and usefulness of the coffee jacket. It has no relation to the historic and debatable tea gown, because it is worn at a wholly different function from that at which the tea robe properly makes its appearance.

In the morning at country houses it is the commendable custom to send to the rooms of the guests silver trays set with small, individual silver coffee equipages. A slice of toast, a dry biscuit and an orange accompanies, as a rule, each tray, and as the maid brings in the little spread the guest arrays herself in a very fetching and fanciful silk petticoat, a pair of quilted satin lounge shoes and a coffee jacket of ray material and gracious pattern. It is the sociable custom, moreover, in country houses for the smartly jacketed coffee drinkers to gather, with their trays and gossip, in some cozy boudoir, and because of this custom the jackets of the coffee lovers have grown in style and splendor.

These garments are ordinarily well open in the throat, but long-sleeved and easy of fit. Upon these general lines the taste of the individual jacket weaver plays infinite variations. Three instructive examples are given. The first is a pretty beaked jacket of pale yellow satin surfaced with froulards, adorned with a shoulder band and cincture of golden brown panne ribbon, which in turn is held in place by big buttons of paste to pax. Mechlin lace and yellow chiffon are the other materials used. A worthy companion to this is the flowing jacket of pastel pink liberty silk, garnished with yoke and sleeves and broad revers of imitation tea tinted Irish lace. A broad satin ribbon of a tint that exactly matches the lace passes under the revers and knots in front.

Of very pliant silk warp French flannel, lichen grey in color, the third garment is constructed. Inside a lining of baby blue Florentine silk is used, and undersleeves and a jabot of coarse grey Malta lace form its simple and effective decoration. For next summer the originators of delicate confections are making soft

cream bastiste coffee jackets, frilled elaborately with Valenciennes edging; and cooler still will be the negligees of glace china silk, buttonholed in scallops along the edges and completed with undersleeves of tucked white silk muslin.

For lack of something more original in the composition of spring gowns the dressmakers cling valiantly to the undersleeve, and invent variations on the cuff and puff that do credit to their ingenuity.

When it is a question of an afternoon gown, the insistence is in favor of a covering for the arms ended just below the angle of the elbow, and finished with a puff and frill, or a puff only, for this arrangement, supplemented by glace kid gloves, wrinkling from elbow down to wrist, enjoyed Parisian approval throughout last winter.

Muslins and soft flowered silks are adapted to these coquettish designs very easily, for there is coquetry in the elbow sleeve, when the wrist and forearm that its brevity reveals are round and white and delicately tapering. It is this elbow sleeve that is bringing back the baggie, broad bracelet and back velvet wrist strap that fastens with a jeweled brooch or a tiny pearl encircled miniature.

If a woman feels that the contour of her elbow and the size of her wrist bone had better be left to conjecture, she will find an ideal asylum for ugly arms in the dressy sleeves that pouch at the wrist, like those of a bishop's robe. The great value of this long sleeve, with the puffed annex, is that it not only hides the shortcomings of an arm that is grossly fat or pathetically thin, but it can be so adjusted as to make overlong or absurdly short arms appear to be exactly the correct length. If a woman is as extensive of limb as the red MacGregor and also knows when to take advantage of an opportunity, she will choose a sleeve pattern that demands the use of dress goods to the elbow only; there a flaring cuff will be turned back and from below one long puff or series of puffs or a wide ruffled puff will extend to the wrist band. On the other hand, the short armed woman, being wise in her generation, fixes on a sleeve fitting straight not only to the wrist, but on the outside seam running to a long point on the level of the knuckles. To give the requisite finish this sleeve widens gracefully at the base and is filled with lace or chiffon puffs, or a reticulate top cuff of flowered silk that echoes the colorings in the decorations of the gown.

While the dressmakers take the undersleeves so seriously, the tailors have all but excluded it from their code of decoration. A straight arm

covering cut off evenly around the wrist is the ideal for the plain cloth dress, and evidently will remain so for some time to come, though tailors of more liberal views will consent to build black taffeta coats with satin lined trumpet shaped sleeves; inside which a close buttoned cuff takes the wrist snugly and runs up nearly to the elbow. When a customer has a mind of her own, and chooses to insist, the most independent of the creators of cloth suits will yield sufficiently to give her a smart walking sleeve, tucked in horizontal lines from the shoulder to within a few inches of the wristband; the band is then made of gold stitched silk overlaid with lace or embroidered passementerie and fastened with a handsome buckle or two small bright buttons. On the new chambray and pique shirt waists the undersleeve effect is arrived at by cutting the sleeve on a pattern that pounces broadly from the elbow down, turning back a tucked and hemstitched cuff at the joint of the arm, and finishing at the wrist with a stitched and buttoned strap of the goods.

Miss Mabel Waity was married to Mr. Maurice Brach at the Central Union Church on Tuesday evening, the Rev. William Kincaid performing the ceremony. The church was one mass of sweet blossoms. The six ushers were Mr. Robert Shingle, Mr. Oliver Carter, Mr. Tarn McGrew, Mr. J. H. Cockburn, Mr. F. W. Klebahn and Mr. E. T. Grady. Miss Lillian Waity and Master Douglas Damon carried the bride's bouquet of roses. Miss May Damon was maid of honor. "O Promise Me" was played most sweetly and added much to the impressiveness of the occasion. The Wedding March from Lohengrin concluded the ceremony, and the pathway of the bride and groom was strewn with roses by Miss Waity and Master Damon. The bride was exquisitely dressed in white silk, the bridal veil being caught with orange blossoms. Miss May Damon in green gauze over blue silk was most effective. Mrs. Waity wore pale gray taffeta. A reception was held at the Waity residence after the wedding. The house and lanai were prettily decorated and an orchestra was stationed on the lanai and discoursed sweet music. The honeymoon will be spent at Waiala.

Mrs. Clifford Wood gave a large card party on Thursday afternoon. The house was beautifully decorated and dainty refreshments were passed after the game of six-hand euchre. Among those present were Mrs. F. M. Swany, Mrs. S. M. Damon, Mrs. Edward Damon, Mrs. Hatch, Mrs. William Wild-

er, Mrs. Estee, Mrs. Deering, Mrs. Gertrude Wilder, Mrs. J. R. Walker, Mrs. A. G. Hawes, Jr.; Mrs. Mary Gunn, Mrs. George Davies, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Ballou, Mrs. Humphreys, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. McGrew, Mrs. Gilman, Mrs. Widdifield, the Misses Widdifield, Miss Jessie Kaufman, Miss Florence Russell, the Misses Scott, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Hoffman, Mrs. Lufkin, Miss Paris, Mrs. Taylor and many others.

Prince David with several friends accompanied the Mariposa as far as the buoy, in order to say aloha once again to the departing Campbell family. The many friends of the Campbells regret their absence most keenly. Miss Chrystal, a sweet and charming young woman, made many friends during her visit in Honolulu. Miss A. Campbell and Miss Chrystal were at school together in California.

The San Francisco News Letter says that "Mrs. Milly Ashe Sewall's friends are congratulating themselves that she will be so near them this summer. The Sewalls have taken a cottage at San Rafael for the season, which it is safe to assume will be the locale of many pleasant gatherings of which she will be the moving spirit."

Mr. Barbour Lathrop, that bird of passage, writes enthusiastically of the pleasant souvenirs he retains of Honolulu's hospitality. He will probably return next year, and Honolulu will again have her fill of dance and song, for this man above all others understands the art of amusing himself as well as his friends.

Mr. Addison Mizner has painted some stunning menu cards. The different heads are really works of art, particularly the one which resembles a certain fair matron. It was quite funny to note the eagerness with which they were pocketed at a certain dinner not long since.

Governor and Mrs. Dole are enjoying the sea breezes at Sans Souci for a few weeks. Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hawes, Jr., are at the Governor's Emma street residence during his absence, afterward returning to Sans Souci. The Governor is taking a much needed rest.

It seems quite natural to see Tarn McGrew about the town once more. Tarn was royally entertained while in San Francisco, but nevertheless is glad to get back. Mrs. McGrew is looking well, and her health, I believe, is firmly established.

Mrs. F. M. Swany gave a luncheon Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Maus. Her

guests were Mrs. Hatch, Mrs. Castle, Mrs. White, Miss Kaufman, Miss Russell, Mrs. Walbridge, Mrs. Maus, Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Hawes, Jr., and Mrs. Gault.

Prince David gave a most charming picnic last Saturday for the Misses Campbell and their guest, Miss Chrystal. Mrs. Campbell and her daughters will make an extended tour of Europe during their absence from Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Mott-Smith entertained at dinner Wednesday evening. The table was artistically decorated and the occasion a most enjoyable one. Mrs. Alan White sang beautifully during the evening.

Mrs. Elizabeth K. Wilder's Waikiki residence was the seat of much merriment and fun last Sunday. About eighteen persons were invited by Mr. and Mrs. Gerrit Wilder to a luncheon and bathing party.

Miss Edna Gunn has gone to the coast to be absent for some time. She will probably visit friends in Oakland. Her charming mother, Mrs. Mary Gunn, will remain in Honolulu for some time yet.

Mrs. James B. Castle intends to spend the summer months at Olinda, Kailua will not be ready for occupancy until fall, owing to the non-arrival of furniture.

Mr. and Mrs. Hatch entertained Lieutenant and Mrs. Ladd at dinner at the Grill last week. Lieutenant and Mrs. Ladd are on their way to Manila.

Mrs. George Davies is entertaining Miss Reynolds, the secretary of the World's Committee, Young Women's Christian Association.

Mrs. Ainsworth, who has been spending a few weeks in Honolulu, will depart this week Wednesday for Australia.

Mrs. William G. Irwin is expected this week. Mrs. Irwin, they say, is handsomer than ever.

Mr. Theodore Wores, the noted San Francisco artist, is in Honolulu for about six months.

Mrs. James Tucker, wife of the popular "Jimmie" Tucker, is at the Hawaiian Hotel.

Invitations are out for a card party on Wednesday at Mrs. Lowrie's.

Mrs. Charles Cooper is at the Lewers place at Waikiki for a few weeks.